VOLUME LV CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1905. NUMBER 11

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

FAITH.

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid then the tender light of faith to shine
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

George Santayana.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY 3939 LANGLEY AVENUE, CHICAGO.

See Editorial, Page 180.

THE TENTH GENERAL MEETING OF THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

DEDICATION OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE

Chicago: Corner Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Avenue

MAY 28th TO JUNE 1st

Incorporated June 26th, 1894.

KNOWLEDGE JUSTICE LOVE REVERENCE

To secure a closer and more helpful association in the thought and work of the world, under the great law and life of love. x x Hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.

—From Articles of Incorporation.

The discussions of the Congress will center so far as possible around "The Coming Church; Its Relation to Education, Civic Government, Social Ethics, Amusements, National and International Morality," etc., etc. More or less directly, its worship, faith, preaching, fellowship, its work as a conscience-guide for social betterment and civic reconstruction, will come in for consideration. The maximum time given to essayists will be confined to thirty minutes and the number so limited as to give time for full and free discussion.

THE FOLLOWING TENTATIVE ANNOUNCEMENT OF PROGRAM

Can be made at this time, subject to change and attractive additions pending further correspondence.

Sunday, May 28

Dedication sermon by Rev. W. C. Gannett of Rochester, N. Y., Sunday morning, 11 a. m. Subject: "The Life of God in the Soul of Man." In the afternoon organ recital and dedication with addresses.

Tuesday, May 30

8 p. m. Opening address by the President, H. W. Thomas. Subject: "Plan and Purpose of the Ages." Lecture by David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University.

Wednesday, May 31 to Thursday, June 1

The Congress will continue through Wednesday and Thursday, holding three sessions a day. Among the speakers expected are E. P. Powell of Clinton, N. Y., on "Social Reorganization"; Rev. Daniel Evans of Cambridge, Mass., "The Coming Church and Commercial Criminals"; Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane, "Institutional Work a Means of Church Salvation"; Mrs. Vandalia Varnum Thomas, "The Coming South"; N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, "The Church and the Working Man"; Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York, "The Coming Church and the Outcome of the Theological Movement of the Nineteenth Century." Thrusday evening: Platform meeting, civic dedication, William Kent presiding. Addresses by representatives of city government, educational and other municipal interests.

Noon luncheon will be served for all attending at the Centre for Wednesday and Thursday. Special arrangements will be made with hotels and boarding houses in the vicinity; rooms reserved in leading hotels, down town if preferred.

Application has been made to the Western and Central Passenger Associations for reduced fares, which will be granted if over one hundred persons paying full fare to Chicago are in attendance.

Further particulars will be announced as early as possible. You are cordially invited. If you cannot come yourself, pass along the notice to some one who may come.

Perhaps you can persuade your church or other societies and institutions interested in the work of the Congress to send delegates.

Address

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary
3939 Langley Avenue CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1905. NUMBER 11

What's the religion I confess? Well, none of all those which you mention. Why none? From sense of religion.
—Schiller.

In connection with the Municipal Museum now open at the Chicago Public Library, there are daily addresses at 12 m. and 4 p. m. The speakers are mostly citizens of Chicago, topics ranging from the disposal of household garbage, by Mrs. A. P. Norton, to the improvement of school surroundings, by Prof. O. T. Bright.

The *Advance* publishes a letter from a "prominent layman" who thinks that the standard of preaching is changing. The old-time "pulpit oratory" must give way to the man who triumphs by his sincerity and simple, direct earnestness. Many will join this layman in saying "He is a good preacher who makes men and communities better."

In a prospectus of Mr. Orr Kenyon's forthcoming book on "Divorce" we find the following startling figures: In New York City, one out of every forty marriages end in divorce; in Philadelphia, one in twenty; in Boston, one in fourteen; in St. Louis, one in ten; in Chicago, one in nine; in Indianapolis, one in five; in San Francisco and Kansas City, one in four. We can but hope that there is something wrong with these figures, but if the figures are right, there is something fatally wrong in modern society.

Mr. Samuel Wright, attorney for the Builders' Contractors' council of Chicago in 1900, said a short time before his death:

> I think that those who wish to lessen the losses caused to both employers and employees and to the general public by "labor troubles" should devote by far the greater part of their efforts towards encouraging by every means in their power, resort to the courts for the purpose of having the legal rights of the disputants decided upon by courts of last resort of the different states and of the Federal Government, and to encourage by every means in their power such respect for the decisions of these courts as will secure obedience to them.
>
> * * *
>
> The only forum where such a question can be definitely and finally settled is a Court of Justice with jurisdiction of the parties and subject matter.

E. G. Routzahn, Secretary of the Bureau of Civic Co-operation, whose post office address is 5711 Kimbark Avenue, has had much to do in bringing about the Municipal Museum which is now attracting much attention in the public library building of Chicago. Mr. Routzahn would like "to have the opportunity of present ing before a fairly sympathetic audience the opportunity of the church in the present civic improvement, which stands for the exercise of the simpler and most universal duties of community life, rendering social service and securing a real training in citizenship." He deals with numbers of organizations and institutions all over the country, but we are sorry to learn that the smallest proportionate representation among interested organizations are church groups. It should not be so and we will be glad if this note will do a little something towards removing the reproach.

The now venerable Rev. A. P. Putnam, widely and favorably known as one of the Unitarian Pastors of Brooklyn twenty-five years ago, gave the historical address at the Lexington Commemoration this year. At the close of the lecture the speaker broke into verse. The last three stanzas, inscribed to the "Danvers Martyrs," serve our editorial purposes well, hence here they are:

> Dear angel guards, who gave your lives
> And all things else to make us free;
> If, in our souls base wrong survives,
> And love of power or party strives
> To quench our zeal for Liberty;
>
> If sordid, lawless gains we deem
> A vaster good than truth and right;
> If Self, our idol, reigns supreme,
> Accounts the Golden Rule a dream,
> And mocks the Prince of Peace and Light:—
>
> Then warn us not to praise you more,
> Nor strew with flowers your hallowed dust;
> But, like the patriot sires of yore,
> Pure offerings for our country pour,
> And not forget that God is just.

Next week the Western Unitarian Conference will hold its fifty-third annual meeting in the Church of the Unity at Cleveland. The program includes May 16, 17 and 18. Rev. Fred V. Hawley, who is awaking into new life Unity Church, Chicago, preaches the opening sermon. Wednesday afternoon and evening represent the sessions given to thought and the discussion of general spiritual and religious topics. Rev. R. W. Boynton of St. Paul will discuss F. W. Meyer's book on "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death"; N. P. Gilman of Meadville will present a paper on "Does Christian Brotherhood Demand a New Social Order?" In the evening a platform meeting will discuss Need of Liberty, the Genius of Unitarianism, and the Growing Ideal. Rev. Paul Frothingham and E. A. Horton will be the "wise men from the east." The growing perplexity of the Unitarians is how to differentiate themselves. The things in common between them and their fellow religionists, to the right and to the left, grow so rapidly that it becomes more and more difficult to indicate boundary lines. When this difficulty becomes a source of inspiration to the Unitarian churches they grow happy, but when it becomes a source of irritation and they are tempted to petulantly warn off intruders from their preserves unless they "wear the wedding garment"

and come in through the door and not over the wall, then it indicates a loss of vision, a decadence in prophecy. The Unitarians have high work to do, the highest of which is to hasten the day when their sect is lost in the larger catholicism, when they fade into glory and die into triumph, for in proportion as Unitarianism is realized, the "ism" is an intrusion and the "Unity" an inspiration.

The anniversary of The Hague Conference was anticipated in Chicago last Sunday night by the New Thought Federation. A goodly number gathered at the assembly hall of the Northwestern University building; addresses were made by Dr. T. Emery Lyon, superintendent of the Central Howard Association; Mrs. E. A. W. Hoswell, Secretary of World's Unity League and of the Chicago branch of the Peace Society, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. In front of the stand hung the stars and stripes rimmed with white, a most suggestive symbol, and symbols persuade beyond arguments. Why should not this simple but suggestive human addition be made to the national banner of any country when cosmopolitanism and internationalism are sought? If churches, schools, libraries, all pacific institutions, would but rim their flags with white, they would greatly increase public interest and profoundly hold the attention of the young. In 1899 while The Hague Conference was in session and all the papers were full of it, the editor of UNITY urged upon a large department store in Chicago the opportunity of doing high missionary work and at the same time turning an honest penny by advertising these peace flags in various sizes. The reply came from one near the head of the establishment, "Old Glory is good enough for us." But "Old Glory" ceases to be glorious when it fails to lead to and suggest a glory beyond and above the boundaries of the United States. If it be true that "he knows no language who knows but one," it is equally true that he loves no country who loves but one. Let the peace flags be multiplied; let "Old Glory" be rimmed with white as often as possible and thereby become more glorious. All Souls Church, Chicago, for the last twelve years has exploited the white-rimmed flag on all available occasions, in doors and out of doors. Let others go and do likewise, and let the eighteenth day of May be celebrated with fitting ceremony by day school, Sunday school and church as the sixth anniversary of the most benignant civic gathering held since the great Parliament of Religions in 1893.

There is much in a word; much intellectual confusion arises from merely verbal sources. Just now the word "arbitration" seems to be a red rag to capitalists and employers. Even social students and friends of industrial progress are beginning to slight the word if not indeed to distrust the thing. But arbitration means nothing more nor less than trial by a competent court of matters in dispute that do not come within the scope of statutory provision at the present time. When individuals quarrel it is the right of either party to summon the other into court, where the grievances are examined, evidence sifted and judgment rendered according to the facts, and that judgment properly arrived at is final, though oftentimes it is fallible. This provision of settling individual disputes is fundamentally related to the well being of society. Why should not similar provision be made for settling disputes between industrial organizations? The answer is two-fold: First, these quarrels are so recent that no legislation adequate to the occasion has yet been formed, but everything points toward the need of such legislation, and the quest of it represents much high and academic quest in these days. Second, the questions involved are so complicated that the ordinary legal training and judicial equipment are inadequate to the service. The judges are incompetent to render a just decision concerning questions that lie beyond the pale of their studies. Obviously the demand of the hour is legislation that will compel one aggrieved party or the other to bring the case into court. That legislation must provide for a competent jury, the decisions of which must be as imperative as are the decisions now rendered concerning disputes of individuals. "Oh, but this is compulsory arbitration!" Certainly, all appeal to the judiciary is compulsory arbitration. We look for a time when either party can carry their grievances before any judge having jurisdiction, and that he will be empowered to proceed on lines clearly laid out, to empanel the necessary competent jury of three, five or if need be, twelve jurors who, having listened to the evidence as arranged by the presiding judge, will bring in their verdict. Why is it, then, that this trial by jury is so suspected both by laborer and by capitalist in these days? Are those who dread such a trial related to the youth at the bar who when the judge bade him stay his tears, saying that he would see that justice would be done him, replied, "That is what I am afraid of, Judge." Said an employer of labor, "What is the use of arbitration? There has not been a case arbitrated for many years wherein the employer did not have the worst of it." If this is true, it may be because the bench of judges was carelessly organized or else because there are elements in the problem, in all labor problems and disputes, which as yet the employer is not prepared to recognize.

Come to the Congress.

We again beg our readers to give careful attention to the advertisement on our second page. The program is steadily growing to definiteness, and modifications and additions might be given in this issue, but enough is said to give a clear conception of what is to be expected. As already announced, the dedication of the Lincoln Centre will begin on Sunday morning by Mr. Gannett's sermon; on Sunday evening the organ will be dedicated. Monday there will be no exercises until the evening when there will be a neighborhood dedication at which the neighboring ministers

will be invited to speak and the sister churches will come together in a social way. Tuesday will again be left open for the study of the city. The Hull House, the Municipal Museum, the University, the Art Institute, are among the points of interest that will attract those who may be in the city just for the Congress week. The civic dedication on Thursday night will be a feature that will attract much interest.

No pains will be spared to make the stay of the visiting friends comfortable as well as profitable. It is hoped that not only individuals but many churches, particularly those who believe in progressive things and in the open fellowship will see to it that they are represented by their minister and if possible by lay delegates. The Palmer House at the heart of the city, the Lexington, a comfortable hotel on Twenty-second street, on the Cottage Grove line of cars, and the Oakland Hotel within a block of Lincoln Centre have each made special rates of one dollar and a half per day for two in a room. The boarding houses in the neighborhood will accommodate a limited number at the rate of a dollar per day.

Quite aside from the dedication interest and the attraction of the Lincoln Centre, the Congress appeals to those who believe that growing liberality in the churches implies a commensurate growth in co-operation. The theological and sociological unities that are being established by study and necessitated by the growth of science call for further unification of effort, a co-ordination of activities, a centralization of spirit. And this has ever been the special message of the Congress of Religion, not to interfere with existing societies when they are engaged in the interest of those things which are peculiar to themselves, but to combine in the interest of all the things held in common.

The multiplication of societies looking towards a unification of religious interest has been great in these later years; many significant and strong movements having taken shape since the organization of the Congress in 1894. What the duty of the Congress is at the present time and what its future should be are questions that will come up for discussion. Correspondence is earnestly solicited from those who are thinking of attending.

The homes and hearts of All Souls will be open so far as circumstances permit. Write for further publications.

It is well to put aside the annoyances of by-past time, dropping the remembrance of disagreeables; but it is better still to pass them by in the beginning without taking them up. Overlook them. Prevent the impression, and there will be no occasion to erase it. A mollifying ointment is good for a hurt, but better no hurt in need of healing. Do not dwell upon unpleasantness long enough for it to take a place in the convolutions of the brain if nothing is to be gained by it save a disturbing memory. Keep the eyes at higher levels. These things in themselves, or in their consequences, are not vital. If no principle is involved, let them pass.

—Julia H. Johnson.

Religion and Doctrine.

He stood before the Sanhedrim;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame
For one upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise.
The open heaven was far too near,
His first day's light too sweet and clear,
To let him waste his new-gained ken
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?
What hast thou been? What art thou now?
Thou art not he who yesterday
Sat here and begged beside the way,
For he was blind.
And I am he;
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;
It was his full heart's only lore;
A prophet on the Sabbath day
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,
And made him see, who had been blind.
Their words passed by him like the wind
Which raves and howls, but cannot shock
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;
They could not touch his Hebrew pride;
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,
Nameless and homeless in the land,
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,
All could not change him by one word.

I know not what this man may be,
Sinner or saint; but as for me,
One thing I know, that I am he
Who once was blind, and now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,
The great men of a famous town,
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,
Beneath their wide phylacteries;
The wisdom of the East was theirs,
And honor crowned their silver hairs;
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;
But he knew better far than they
What came to him that Sabbath day;
And what the Christ had done for him,
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.

—John Hay.

The Voyage.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—Caroline Atherton Mason.

THE PULPIT.

Faith, Reinforced by History.

A Backward Look.

FIRST SERMON DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, APRIL 30, 1905.

Now faith is assurance of things hoped for, a conviction of things not seen.

—Hebrews xi:1.

"It is faith
The feeling that there's God, he reigns and rules."
—Browning.

When we brush away the complexities of philosophy the subtleness of psychology, the dogmas of the church and the confusion of the texts, faith is a very plain, palpable experience of life. However defined and however arrived at, the ultimate element in faith is a belief in the right, a confidence in justice which inspires fortitude, courage, action. Faith is a trust in an ordered universe; a confidence that in the long run justice triumphs and right is victor. Faith believes that the revealings of conscience and the yearnings of the human heart are allied to gravitation and evolution. Faith is the assurance that there is a tendency in nature towards excellence; a power not ourselves in the universe that makes for righteousness. Faith insists that human nature is allied to nature, a part of it, conditioned by the same order, guided, impelled by the same potency that makes the apple trees to bloom in the spring and loads their limbs with golden fruit in autumn. The man of faith feels he is related to that power that not only declared "Let there be light," in primordial times, but brings sunshine every morning and now holds the moon to its monthly cycles. Faith believes that the power that in the physical world reveals itself as gravitation is ethical; that it is progressive, and that as it rises it grows more and more spiritual. Faith believes in continuity, has no place for miracles, dares believe that death is but transition; that the universe allows no wastage; that life in ever increasing cycles continues.

But faith, as I apprehend it, is not a thing of definition; it is a thing of exemplification. Faith is courage; faith is cheerfulness; faith is high adventure. It is a thing of action, still more a thing of being and never a thing of words or of formulas. This power not ourselves, to rest in which is an act of faith, may be called "God," "Brahm," "Bel," "Jehovah," "Nature." Philosophically we may give it personality or impersonality; theologically we may insist on the divine unity or tri-unity; aye, we may deny his existence altogether and discount or reject the evidence of Bible text or church hierarchy. But if the light of love is in your face, the courage that holds you to unpopular things in your heart, if you love the great out-of-doors and rejoice in the brotherhod of man, if you dare swear to the truth to your own hurt and stand up to be counted with the few; if you can withstand adversity, control your sorrows and smile through your tears, you are a man of faith.

Let me try it again: It is faith that causes the man to befriend the friendless, to pay the debt he does not have to, to do without the things he likes, to deny himself that far-off interests may be advanced and far-off wrongs be righted. Indeed, faith is that which makes fundamental the demands of right, which enables men and women to believe in the intangible, to look for what the world calls impossible, to invest what they have in the interest of a nobler what they have not.

If I understand my texts aright, if I have properly apprehended the signs of faith in these sentences, it necessarily follows that faith is not the result of textual interpretations, of scientific research or ecclesiastical indoctrination.

The only true evidence of faith, then, is faithfulness. It is always bigger than the arguments, more convincing than the logic, more primary than any evidence. It is established not only independent of arguments but oftentimes in defiance to arguments. Those who profess to believe are faith*less;* those who distrust belief are faith-*full;* the arguments may be bad, the conclusion right.

If challenged, most devotees will offer as a justification of their faith Bible texts or the testimony of the church. But many who admit the inadequacy of the texts and the fallacy of the dogma have gloriously exemplified faith in its most profound significance.

So this morning I will not take time to discuss the textual or ecclesiastical reinforcements of faith but ask you to join with me in taking a backward look and to see whether history does not justify the cheerful outlook, the heroic service, the adventurous spirit, which ever and always are the true credentials of faith. If we look at the fate of nations there is much that goes to stagger our faith that "right makes might" and that "God reigns and rules." We see the cruel Nineveh over-riding and over-throwing forever the kingdom of Israel with a more spiritual religion, a more ethical confession. A little later we see the kingdom of Judea, the people of Isaiah and Jeremiah, carried off captive by the conquering and imperious Babylon. We see art-crowned Greece insulted and sacked by its coarser neighbors. In later times we see the Celtic world, the land of bards, lovers of poetry and music, crowded out of political existence by the heavier footed Saxon. We see the Hungarian, the Bohemian, the Pole, the Finn, all of them stripped of their glory, bereft of their homes, disfranchised, by inferior peoples, for unworthy reasons, to ignoble ends. If the history of the troublous centuries means anything it means that prowess is not allied to virtue and that conquest means only the stronger arms, the heavier battalions, the greater numbers or the more sturdy stomach or the more abundant supplies for that stomach. Many nations as individuals may well say "I have tried to follow the ideal and it has led me into the bog. I have sought truth and beauty and found instead poverty, the prison cell and the gibbet."

These are facts that the student of history must recognize. He may explain but he must not deny their existence. And still a profounder reading of this very same history will bring splendid reinforcement to faith, for when we use a longer measuring string and secure a more telescopic perspective we find that the short-range pessimism based upon the defeat of the righteous and the over-throw of the noble, is made to justify the long-range optimism. In the long run, the triumphs of greed, the conquests of brawn are over-ruled in the higher courts of the historian and are made to justify the hopeful outlook, the trusting spirit.

"God In History" is the title of Baron Bunsen's profound work. "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him" is the Psalmist's text that may well be taken as an historical axiom. And then the hymn book:

> O sometimes gleams upon our sight,
> Through present wrong, the Eternal Right!
> And step by step since time began,
> We see the steady gain of man;—

sang our modern Psalmist. This hymn of faith is based upon the facts of history.

Witness: The lost tribes of Israel have been sought

for and are still being sought for in every nook and cranny of space and time, and they have been found, and now we begin to realize that it is not the ten tribes that were lost but the Ninevites who conquered them. A few decades ago Nineveh was found under the sand dunes in the valley of the Tigris, a buried, dead city, but the ten tribes are alive, heroic, conquering. At the heart of the three great monotheistic faiths of the world, wherever Judaism, Christianity or Mohammedanism is found, there are the ten tribes with their message, and, what is better, with their exemplification of faith. Babylon carried the noble ones of Judea captive; set them down on the banks of the Euphrates where, because rights was worsted and wrong triumphed, they "hung their harps on the willow trees," but while their harps hung listless, Ezekiel and the greater Isaiah, some of the greater Psalms and the whole fabric of Jewish literature took shape. Rome sacked Greece only to translate the Roman gods and to refine Roman speech and art. The Saxon bore down the Briton but the Cambrian bard inscribed on the tomb of their great hero king, "Here lies Arthur, king that was and king that will be," and over and over again the prophecy has been made true. Celtic genius, bardic fire, Briton ideality, dominates the English parliament today, leads the progressive party of England. And the poor, distracted, evicted Irishman triumphs everywhere except at home. There is a philosophic significance in the pleasantry that says, "The Irish govern everybody but themselves."

And what is true of the fate of nations is true of the fate of individuals. The warriors of Israel are mere names; its dreamers are more alive today than ever. Alexander has long since been outranked by Plato. History has over-ruled the decision of the lower court that sentenced Socrates to death; the convicted has escaped and gone free; those who convicted have been doomed to everlasting disgrace. Pilate washed his hands hoping to cowardly escape responsibility but from the cross-crowned heights of Gethsemane he is the accused and the criminal, the Crucified is heralded as Savior by the centuries. The streets of our modern cities are punctuated with the statues of the generals, the captains of war, but our school children rejoice in the story of the martyrs of peace, the heroes of science, the singers of brotherhood.

If we look into any section of history, our own, for instance, we will find that faith that feels that God is, that lays hold of the unseen, that believes in the impossible, that sallies forth in quest of the ideal, is reinforced by the facts. Sidney Lanier, the fluting private, has a more prominent place in the history of the war for secession than has Jefferson Davis, the prime instigator and official head of the grewsome movement. Father Ryan, who sung the requiem of the "Furled Banner" of a lost cause, has redeemed and glorified those who laid down their arms in humiliation and shame; and Robert E. Lee's greatness at Appomattox in the hour of his defeat, his triumph as the president of a broken college, the teacher of youths, outshine his greatest achievement on the battle field. The names that take on annually an added luster in American history are the names of those who, like Charles Sumner, fell under the bludgeon of a slave power; Lloyd Garrison, whom his fellow citizens hooted, pelted with eggs and threatened to hang; Channing, Parker, Bushnell and Henry Ward Beecher, the great heresyarchs of the nation.

Or, if you choose to narrow history down to the experience of your own lives, cannot each one of us say that in the short span given us to live, faith is vindicated; that trust in the right, the pre-eminence of the good over the bad, the perennial quality and hopefulness and the contagious power of service are vindicated. The good we did has left its blessing; the harm we tried to do has left its blight and its curse. The sacrifice has been justified; the indulgence has been condemned. The unpopular truths we told, the minority we voted for and with, the money we gave for high causes, the sleepless nights spent for others, have proven investments that bring splendid returns in the way of peace and joy and power. While on the other hand, the lies we have told and the lies we have lived, the meanness, the cowardice, the expediency and the success based thereon, have embittered our hearts, weakened our lives, dimmed our vision. Whenever we have abandoned the ideal in order to succeed, whenever we have said to ourselves. It is possible to go too far in ways of righteousness, to hold up too high a standard in civic, domestic or personal life, we have bargained for disgrace and weakness. Faith is justified, whether it be in the life of the man, the state or the nation. The faith in God, which is the faith in right, is vindicated by the long reaches of time or the short-ranged testimony of the human heart.

> "For round and round we run,
> But ever the right comes uppermost,
> And ever justice is done."

When this topic first came to me as I was walking the beach of the Gulf of Mexico some weeks ago, I thought it would enable me to illustrate it from the story of All Souls Church. I thought the time and place would justify an argument based upon our own story. This, the first sermon in the new building, I thought would suggest the argument that the faith represented by these walls could be justified by the experience of the little group of sisters and brothers who have banded themselves together under the name of All Souls Church, and who for nearly twenty-three years have struggled for the ideal. But when I come close to the subject my experience is the old one. I am a poor historian, when it comes to the study of our own efforts. I cannot give publicity even from this desk to the treasures of memory and the wealth of experience—the gladness that has come through tears, the peace that has followed strain in our own lives.

And my appeal to history for an argument in justification of faith, "the feeling that there's God, he reigns and rules," must still do without the clinch of local, personal and church history.

Suffice it, then, to say this: That this church espoused from the beginning an unpopular gospel with no backing in the way of men or money in sight; from the start it undertook to do what prudence, convention, society and ecclesiasticism had pronounced inexpedient and doomed to failure. We started without constituency, without means, without a creed, and from the start we defied convention in architecture, in methods and much of the time in matter. We had an unbound Bible, an unfrocked ministry. We built an unecclesiastical building. We provoked laughter and ridicule from without and anxiety and not a few secessions from the within.

In committee room we were told we were facing the impractical; officers often undertook to persuade us that it was impossible. And notwithstanding all this, we are here, and our little history of twenty-three years adds its vibration to the chant of the centuries, the burden of which is—that the faithful are always rewarded in proportion to their faith; that consecration triumphs in proportion to its devotedness. In short, that the purposes of God as revealed in history always shame the faithless heart of man; that the realizations

are always in excess of the expectations; failures always come from an under-estimation of the thing to do and a distrust of the only road that leads to triumph, —and that road is the road of absolute integrity, the road of fearless honesty, the road that defies convention, and independent of custom. When needs be, it reveres the right so much that it will not bargain for it with wrong methods; it will not insult the God of the universe by trying to serve his cause, to justify his revelation, by the tricks of the human heart or obeisance to the devils of greed, cowardice and expediency.

It is fitting as we stand here that I, who venture to preach to you for the first time in this new place, should appeal to the spirit that pervaded the old home. The humbler building across the way has demonstrated that a church, not of no creed but of many creeds, not of the rich and not of the poor, but of the rich and poor, not of the learned nor of the ignorant, but of All Souls, not only is needed but can live right here. The experience we bring with us from across the way proves that there is work for us to do in this neighborhood, a work that will engage the highest courage, the best judgment, that will enlist the noblest sympathies we are capable of.

Twenty-three years ago, nearly, looking forward, we dared hope for a church that would be busy seven days in the week and all the waking hours of every day, seeking the better equipment of the spirit of the study of the word of poet, philosopher and scientist, by the help of music, art and poetry, and by the application of the inspirations gained thereby to the humble problems, the obscure needs of our neighbors and ourselves, not in one but in every way possible.

Looking forward we believed that other Bibles than those which belong to our religious inheritance had pregnant texts, inspiring parables, profound precepts adapted to our needs and ready to serve us. And looking back over these twenty-two and a half years we can say that our faith has been justified and the measure of our success is commensurate with our faith in a seven-day church, in a studious piety, in practical religion. Our experience proves abundantly that the gamin who haunts the corners of Thirty-ninth street and Cottage Grove avenue, picking up the stub ends of neglected cigars, draining the dregs of abandoned beer mugs and poisoning his mind with the still more loathsome vulgarities of the tongue and iniquities of the gaming table, can be reached by means of intelligent toil and cheerful preoccupation. We have proven that a carpenter's work bench can compete successfully with a barroom counter in enlisting the enthusiasm and engaging the energies of neglected boys. We have proven that the study days can be carried beyond the marriage line; that poetry and science, philosophy and art have charms outside of college halls. We have proven that Jerusalem and Rome, Protestantism and Catholicism, have more in common than they have in difference and that they can meet on these common grounds without invading the sanctities in each other's lives that belong to the shrines that differentiate. Our experience proves that faith is not a thing of doctrine; that religion is not a thing of creeds; that the sects still leave a work undone for us to do, and that the sects will rejoice in whatever good work we may accomplish in this spirit.

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the fountain. —*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

The Dawn of Science in the Cloister and the Hearth.

It is fortunate that the dawn of science that I am to treat is limited to the book or I should not be equal to its vast possibilities. And yet it will not be wise to merely quote from the book without giving the quotation its time and setting, so that its value may be understood. This was a wonderful period in the world's history. It seems that for a thousand years a plant grew, patiently, silently, powerfully but without promise, when suddenly it burst into a glorious living flower, that changed the entire aspect of the western world; and this was the fifteenth century. What was this blooming and whence came it? I will try as briefly as possible to say. In the first centuries of the Christian era, when the spirit power of Christianity was altering the face of the Pagan world and serving as a refuge for the oppressed of all nations, the church held out one hope and that only—salvation and the future life—and held that all else was vanity and useless. All the learning of the orient of Greece and Rome was cast aside as a burden to the spirit. An inquirer after truth was referred by the fathers to the fountain head of all truth, the Holy Bible. If science was discussed one was referred to Genesis; for poetry, history, song, whatever one sought, still the Bible was the high authority, and all other knowledge that had been accumulated throughout the course of time was treated as if it had never been. Fortunately, there are many forces moving in the world at the same time. While the church was growing in numbers and strength it also grew in wealth and assumed authority of a temporal character that was equal to the sphere of its influence. It thus became a political organization, and in going the way of all political bodies became thoroughly corrupt. When corruption set in new forces immediately set to work, and these are the forces with which we now have to deal. Of course, many years passed—yes, many centuries—to bring about these transitions. Within the church the devotee, while loyal to the organization, yet found his mind running to the larger current of life not circumscribed by the church; if he was a sincere student, as many were, he would apply himself to the new learning that was being brought from the east by the influx of Greeks after the fall of the eastern empire.

Hegel in his philosophy of history says:

"The outward occasion of this revival of science was the fall of the Byzantine Empire. Large numbers of Greeks took refuge in the west and introduced Greek literature there; and they brought with them not only the knowledge of the Greek language but also the treasures to which that knowledge was the key. Very little Greek literature had been preserved in the convents, and an acquaintance with the language could scarcely be said to exist at all. With the Roman literature it was otherwise; in regard to that, ancient traditions still lingered. Virgil was thought to be a great magician (in Dante he appears as the guide in hell and purgatory).

Through the influence of the Greeks, then, attention was again directed to the ancient Greek literature; the west had become capable of enjoying and appreciating it; quite other ideals and a different order of virtue from that with which mediaeval Europe was familiar were here presented; an altogether novel standard for judging of what was to be honored, commended and imitated was set up. The Greeks in their works exhibited quite other moral commands than those with which the west was acquainted; scholastic formalism had to make way for a body of speculative thought of a widely different complexion: Plato became known in the west; and in him a new human world presented itself.

These novel ideas met with a principal organ of diffusion in the newly discovered art of printing, which, like the use of gunpowder, corresponds with modern character, and supplied the disideratum of the age in which it was invented, by tending to enable men to stand in an ideal connection with each other. So far as the study of the ancients manfested an interest in

human deeds and virtues, the church continued to tolerate it, not observing that in those alien works an altogether alien spirit was advancing to confront it.''

The ordinary citizens experienced a change of heart to the church, and while as punctilious as ever in their devotions they were swayed by an immense wave of freedom in their responsibility. While formerly everything was done in conformity with church law and discipline, now the freer mind was beginning to express its own integrity. This free spirit was no sooner aroused than its latent possibilities were discovered to be practically unlimited, like a river that has been held back by a dam, which, finally overflowing, carries all before it, including the dam. This is the Renaissance. This is the time when such men as Copernicus and Galileo made their studious observations of the stars and told an incredulous people the truths they discovered that upset all their time-honored theories and almost their religious beliefs. This is the time when the magnet was discovered and the compass made, that enables the mariner to navigate without hugging the shore, and made it possible for Columbus to sail to the west on his great voyage of discovery. This is the time when Giordomo Bruno and Savonarola paid the penalty of their lives for their heroic arraignment of a corrupt ecclesiasticism. This is the time when a feudal age was fast giving way to corporate life and free cities,, republican in their form of government, were being everywhere established. Florence and Naples were typical examples, and Gerard in his letter to Margaret has this to say about Venice:

''But what I most admired was to see over against the Duke's palace a fair gallows in alabaster, reared express to hang him,—him and no other, for the last treason to the state; and there it stands in his eye, whispering him memento mori. I pondered, and owned the signors my masters, who will let no man, not even their sovereign, be above the common weal.''

Yes, there could be no loosening of the bonds of the spirit and not have that spirit grow powerful wings. Greek culture was now the inspiration for German philosophy and the source of Italian science, and to stamp it indelibly into the time and place it must needs that the printing press be invented. So in the book we have it faintly introduced rather than practically applied, only a few lines and a little story serving for the purpose. It follows:

THE PRINTING PRESS.

While on his way to Basle, where he has been sent to preach:

Clement found two tired wayfarers lying in the shade of a great chestnut tree; one of a thick grove the road skirted. Near the men was a little cart, and in it a printing press; rude and clumsy as a vine press. A jaded mule was harnessed to the cart.

And so Clement stood face to face with his old enemy, and as he eyed it, and the honest, blue eyed faces of the weary craftsmen, he looked back as on a dream at the bitterness he had once felt towards the machine. He looked kindly down on them and said softly:

''Sweynheim!'' The men started to their feet.

''Pannartz!'' They scuttled into the wood, and were seen no more. Clement was amazed and stood puzzling himself. Presently a face peered from behind a tree. Clement addressed it. ''Why fear ye?'' A quavering voice replied. ''Say, rather by what magic you a stranger, can call us by our names! I never clapped eyes on you till now.''

''Oh, supersitition! I know ye as all good workmen are known, by your works. Come hither and I will tell ye.''

''My children,'' said Clement, ''I saw a Lactantius in Rome, printed by Sweynheim and Pannartz, disciples of Fust.''

''D'ye hear that, Pannartz? our work has gotten to Rome already.''

Rome was the center of church authority. Her popes had sat and ruled for a thousand years. The nations of the western world had one by one humbled the knee to her in submission. The election of popes may at various times have been accomplished by political trickery or by crime, yet she stood the divine intercessor for men and nations, and her farreaching tentacles, in the shape of prelates, bishops, priests, friars and monks, maintained her power over an unenlightened people long after she had forfeited much of her sanctity at home. But with her loss of sanctity at home the larger intellectual horizon was opened to the Italians and Rome became the most cultivated city of the world. Her priests became dilettantes in the arts and sciences. The foreigner, like Gerard, coming from a distance, with ideal conceptions of the Church's power and sanctity, was at a loss to account for the Paganism everywhere visible, and we marvel that he should remain so strong a churchman after so much of disillusionment.

''And I tell you fathers,'' said Gerard, ''that were both bread and wine charged with direct poison before his holiness had consecrated them, yet after consecration I would take them without fear.''

''So would I but for the fine arts,'' said Fra Colonna.

''What mean you?''

''Marry, that I would be as ready to leave the world as thou, were it not for those arts which beautify existence here below, and make it dear to men of sense and education. No; so long as the nine muses strew my path with roses of learning and art, me may Apollo inspire with wisdom and caution, that, knowing the wiles of my countrymen, I may eat poison neither at God's altar nor at a friend's table, since wherever I eat it or drink it, it will assuredly cut short my mortal thread; and I am writing a book—heart and soul in it—The Dream of Polifilo, the man of many arts. So name not poison to me till that is finished and copied.''

Later we come to another scene that suffers by abridgement, but we've given what we think you will listen to with some patience. Clement and Jerome are in the cell of Colonna, who has been discoursing about his newly-written book and showing his gems, giving an intelligent description of their moral virtues. The book Jerome characterizes as obscene; the virtues in gems as old wives' fables:

''Blot out these heathen superstitions from thy mind brother, as Christianity has blotted them from the earth.''

And in this strain he proceeded to make, incautiously, some current but loose theological statements.

Then the smarting Polifilo revenged himself. He flew out, and hurled a mountain of crude miscellaneous lore upon Jerome, of which partly for want of time, partly for lack of learning, I can reproduce but a few fragments.

''The heathen blotted out? Why they hold four-fifths of the world. And what have we Christians invented without their aid? painting? sculpture?

These are heathen arts, and we but pigmies at them. What modern mind can conceive and grave so godlike forms as did the chief Athenian sculptors? Is it architecture we have invented? Why, here too, we are but children. Can we match for pure design the Parthenon, with its clusters of double and single Doric columns; and for grandeur and finish, the theatres of Greece and Rome, or the prodigious temples of Egypt, up to whose portals men walked awe-stricken through avenues a mile long of sphinxes each as big as a Venetian palace. The splendour of their ruins still flouts the art of modern workmen.

Is it sewers, acqueducts or viaducts?

Why, we have lost the art of making a road—lost it with the world's greatest models under our very eye.

Is it sepulchers of the dead? Why, no Christian nation has ever erected a tomb, the sight of which does not set a scholar laughing. Do but think of the Mausoleum and the Pyramids, and the monstrous sepulchers of the Indus and Ganges, which outside are mountains and within are mines of precious stones.

Ah, you have not seen the east Jerome or you would not decry the heathen.''

Jerome observed that these were mere material things. True gentleness was in the soul. ''Well, then,'' replied Colonna, ''in the world of mind what have we discovered? Is it geometry? Is it logic? Nay, we are all pupils of Euclid and Aristotle. Is it written characters, an invention almost divine? We no more invented it than Cadmus did. Is it poetry? Homer hath never been approached by us, nor hath Virgil, nor

Horace. Is it tragedy or comedy? Why, poets, actors, theatres, all fall to dust at our touch.

What then have we invented? Is it monotheism? Why, the learned and philosophical among the Greeks and Romans held it. Their vulgar were polytheists; and what are ours? The pagan vulgar worshiped all sorts of deified mortals, and each had his favorite to whom he prayed ten times for once to the Omnipotent. Our vulgar worship canonized mortals, and each has his favorite, to whom he prays ten times for once to God.

Kissing of images and Pope's toe is Eastern Paganism. The priests of Baal kissed their idols so. Our infant baptism is Persian, with the font, and the signing of the child's brow.

Thou seest the heathen were not *all* fools. No more are we not *all*.

Our lies are as inferior to the lies of the ancients as our statutes, and for the same season:

We do not study nature as they did.

Believe you 'the lives of the saints?' that Paul the Theban was the first hermit, and Anthony the first Caenovite? Why, Pythagoras was an eremite, and under ground seven years, and his daughter was an abbess. Monks and hermits were in the east long before Moses, and neither old Greece nor Rome was ever without them. As for St. Francis and his snowballs, he did but mimic Diogenes, who, naked, embraced statues on which snow had fallen. The folly without the poetry. Ape of an ape—for Diogenes was but a mimic therein of the Brahmins and Indian gymnosophists.

Tell me now, Clement, what habit is lovelier than the vestments of our priests? Well, we owe them all to Numa Pompilius, except the girdle and the stole, which are judicial. As for the amice and the alb, they retain the very names they bore in Numa's day. The 'pelt' worn by the canons comes from primeval Paganism. 'Tis a relic of those rude times when the sacrificing priests wore the skins of the beasts with the fur outward. Strip off thy black gown, Jerome, thy girdle, and cowl, for they come to use all three from the Pagan ladies. Let thy hair grow like Absolom's, Jerome, for the tonsure is as Pagan as the Muses."

"Take care what thou sayest," said Jerome sternly. "We know the very year in which the church did first ordain it."

"But not invent it, Jerome. The Brahmnia wore it a thousand years ere that. The late pope (the saints be good to him) once told me the tonsure was forbidden by God to the Levites in the Pentateuch. If so, this was because of the Egyptian priests wearing it. I trust to his holiness. I am no biblical scholar. Give me the New Testament! 'Tis not the Greek of Xenophon; but 'tis Greek. And there be heathen sayings in it too. For St. Paul was not so spiteful against them as thou. When the heathen said a good thing that suited his matter, by Jupiter, he just took it, and mixed it to all eternity with the inspired text."

"Come forth, Clement, come forth!" said Jerome, rising, "and thou profane monk, know that but for the powerful house that upholds thee, thy accursed heresy should go no farther, for I would have thee burned at the stake." And he strode out white with indignation. Colonna's reception of this threat did credit to him as an enthusiast. He ran and halloed joyfully after Jerome. "And this a Pagan. Burning of men's bodies for the opinions of their souls is a purely Pagan custom—as Pagan as incense, holy water, a hundred altars in one Church,—

but the door slammed and Jerome, with Clement, was gone. A jalousie was opened, the Paynim monk's head and shoulders protruded, and he hurled another broadside in the shape of Latin verse at the retreating figures. Truly the minds of men were widening towards the past. This scene, one of the best in the book, has its deep interpretive value. It asks the question, whither tends it all? If all the forms observed, all the ceremonies have their universal application, then truth itself may be larger than our narrow creed and salvation a bigger thing than saving one's own soul. But poor Gerard was not to see this until he had drained his cup of bitterness nearly dry and heroic Margaret by the force of living logic had brought it home to his understanding. She has found him in his cell in the wood whither she has gone with her child.

MARGARET AND GERARD.

She showed him, but in her own good straightforward Dutch, that his present life was only a higher kind of selfishness; spiritual egotism. Whereas a priest had no more right to care only for his own soul than only for his own body. That was not *his* path to Heaven. "But," said she, "who ever yet lost his soul by saving the souls of others; and, when He shall see thee caring for the souls of the folk the Duke hath put in thine hand, He will care *ten times more for thy soul than he does now.*" So long as Satan walks the whole earth, tempting men, and so long as the sons of Belial do never lock themselves in caves, but run like ants, to and fro, corrupting others, the good man that skulks apart plays the Devil's part, or at least gives him the odds. Thou a soldier of Christ? ask thy comrade Denys, who is but a soldier of the Duke,—ask him if he ever skulked in a hole and shunned the battle because forsooth in the battle is danger as well as glory and duty. For thy sole excuse is fear. Thou makest no secret out. Go to; no duke nor king hath such cowardly soldiers as Christ hath. What was that you said in the church at Rotterdam about the man in the parable, that buried his talent in the earth and so offended the giver? Thy wonderful gift for preaching, is it not a talent and gift from thy creator?"

"Certes; such as it is."

"And hast thou laid it out? or buried it? To whom hast thou preached these seven months? To bats and owls? Hast buried it in one hole with thyself and thy once good wits!

Do you remember, Gerard, when we were young together, which now are old before our time, as we walked handed in the fields, did you but see a sheep cast, aye, three fields, off, you would leave your sweetheart (by her good-will) and run and lift the sheep for charity? Well, then, at Gouda is not one sheep in evil plight, but a whole flock; some east, some strayed, some sick, some tainted, some a being devoured, and all for the want of a shepherd. Where is their shepherd? lurking in a den like a wolf; a den in his own parish, out, fie; out, fie! I scented thee out, in part, by thy kindness to the little birds. Take note, Gerard Eliassoen, you must love something. 'Tis in your blood. You were born to't. Shunning man, you do but seek earthly affection a peg lower than man."

Gerard interrupted her: "The birds are God's creatures, his innocent creatures, and I do well to love them, being God's creatures."

"What are they creatures of the same God that we are, that he is who lies upon thy knee?"

"You know they are."

"Then what pretense for shunning us and being kind to them? Sith man is one of the animals why pick him out to shun? What! you court the young of birds, and abandon your own young? Birds need but bodily food, and, having wings, deserve scant pity if they cannot fly and find it. But that sweet upon thy knee, he needeth not carnal only, but spiritual food. He is thine as well as mine; and I have done my share. He will soon be too much for me, and I look to Gouda's parson to teach him true piety and useful love. Is he not of more value than many sparrows?

"You wonder," she continued, "to hear me quote holy writ so glib. I have poured over it these four years, and why? Not because God wrote it, but because I saw it often in thy hands ere thou didst leave me. Heaven forgive me; I am but a woman. What thinkest thou of this sentence: 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven?' What is a saint in a sink better than 'a light under a bushel?' Therefore, since the sheep committed to thy charge bleat for thee, and cry, "Oh, desert us no longer, but come to Gonda mause'; since I, who know thee ten times better than thou knowest thyself, do pledge my soul it is for thy soul's weal to go to Gouda mause; since duty to thy child, too long abandoned, calls thee to Gonda manse; since thy sovereign whom holy writ again bids thee honor, sends thee to Gonda mause; since the Pope, whom the Church teaches thee to revere, hath absolved thee of thy monkish vows, and orders thee to Gonda Mause—, since thy grey-haired mother watches for thee in dole and care, and turneth oft the hour-glass and sigheth sore that thou comest so slow to her at Gonda mause; since thy brother, withered by thy curse, awaits thy forgiveness and thy prayers for his soul, now lingering in his body at Gonda mause—take thou up in thine arms the sweet bird wi' crest of gold that nestles to thy bosom, and give me thy hand; thy sweetheart erst and wife, and now thy friend, the truest friend to thee this night that ere man had; and come with me to Gonda mause!"

"It is the voice of an angel!" cried Clement loudly.

"Then hearken it, and come forth to Gonda mause."

The battle was won.

After a pathetic reconciliation and a hearty meal Clement, the friar and hermit, was put in a comfortable bed of spotless linen, and after a refreshing sleep arose Gerard Eliassoen, parson of Gonda. He could now ask with Paracelsus:

> "How can that course be safe which from the first
> Produces carelessness to human love?"

incisive, strident Hebraic, and one cannot but feel that the exchange of strength for polish, of clear cut truculent truth for flowery metaphor is a loss even to literature.

There are several items yet to be mentioned before bringing this paper to a close. One, the introduction of gunpowder, made of war a more serious matter than a mere holiday. When destruction of life followed in the wake of war, then men turned to the arts of peace and paid taxes that hired assassins might be so employed; and this was a standing army. These armies had to keep up their business, and yet they had an implicit understanding they were not to kill each other. So their battles were maneuvers to keep away from each other or take prisoners. The latter was the more profitable, as their liberty had to be purchased and the conquering commander was that much richer by these ransoms paid. But the army, while at first the servant and protector, finally becomes the master, and to a great extent ruled the destinies of the middle ages. It helped the passing of the feudal baron so that one evil was the undoing of another and a short step forward was taken. Michelet says: "There were not 1,000 men killed in the bloodiest encounter of the fifteenth century. Battles had almost died into tournaments." And now that the arts were the great resource of men and commerce was weaving a close mesh of mankind, it followed that the vehicle of exchange must be introduced. So banks were established and a currency issued that gave commerce its great impetus. The world was fast moving from an ecclesiastical to a commercial age, from an age of unreason to an age of invention and initiative. The great common people were coming to their own. Secular education was the dominant note; and by secular education was understood all the arts, fine as well as applied; the sciences and all that could further the interests of human life. Van Ranke in his history of the Popes says:

"Thus, on either side the Alps, the progress of the age was in direct opposition to ecclesiastical ascendency. In Italy this tendency was associated with science and literature; in Germany it arose from biblical studies, and a more profound theology. There it was negative and incredulous; here it was positive and full of an earnest faith. There it destroyed the very foundations of the Church; here the desire was to construct the edifice anew. In Italy it was mocking and sarcastic, but ever pliant and deferential to power; in Germany, full of a serious indignation, and deeply determined on a stubbornness of assault such as the Roman Church had never before experienced."

But above this tumult and controversy, finding its way into the hearts of the people, the classic poets again sang for the modern world. Homer and Virgil were studied and imitated and were an inspiration to the aspiring mind. Plato and Aristotle again helped to rationalize and humanize philosophic inquiry and re-established a foundation on which modern thought is reared. Angelo, a law unto himself, was chiseling, as Lecky says, heroic characters, half prize-fighters and half saints. Leonardo da Vinci, universal genius that he was, was setting the mark that his followers for centuries would find it difficult to attain. Erasmus was born; the torch that Reade tells us comes once in several hundred years to illuminate the world. Across the channel was born that prophet of altruism, Thomas Moore, author of Utopia. Surely, the content of the ideal of life was strong in the world.

Have I made clear the dawn of science in the book? Has Margaret made it clear? Has Colonna? There is another who can help make it clear. It's good Denys, who with his *"Courage, Camarade, le diable est mort"* is spreading a new gospel, one that shall link the Renaissance to modern thought. We are not far distant from the fifteenth century, nor have we improved much on it. The protest that was made good then is still a living protest and not much more. The return to Nature for study is still being advocated by the most competent. Political organization and economic conditions are as nearly feudal now as then they were. Names change but conditions remain the same. The great waves of freedom, of the higher law, of the diviner life surge through the souls of those prepared, but break as against a rock on the great mass of human life. It has ever been so; it shall ever be so.

HARRY S. HYMAN.

The Apocrypha.

The present age is truly a renaissance for the Jewish people. Not only is there greater, broader, freer, more hopeful activity among themselves; but the fraternal, altruistic spirit, that is sending shimmering rays of light through the fogs of prejudice and all caste all over this good old world, is dispelling the shadows that have long obscured the real qualities of this people. There is awakening a keen interest in Jews and in whatever pertains to them both past and present, among scholars in every land.

Much of the past history is obtained from the canonical books of the Old and New Testaments. But, between these two collections of writings there is a lapse of four hundred years and during this time important changes took place which affected the character of this people to a marked degree. A student of the two testaments is struck with the difference in the national characteristics and even faith.

From an inclination to worship one or many gods they had passed to settled monotheism. From no definite belief in an existence after death; they had come to believe, not only in a future life but, with the exception of the Sadducees, to believe in the resurrection of the body. Other differences, less tangible but equally decisive, are apparent. Now the books called the Apochrypha include the most authentic and most valuable history extant of Jewish life and literature belonging to the period between the prophecies of Malachi and the birth of Jesus.

These books have been a source of contention between the various ecclesiastical authorities and councils, and enthroned and dethroned until it is a wonder that there is a shred of them left; while, in fact, their integrity is marred only by an occasional interpolation. Now, in the true adjustment of matters under the free untrammeled criticism of the last century, they are finding the niche that is theirs by right of intrinsic worth. The truth that is in them has preserved them from annihilation during these years of contention.

The Council of Trent set the whole collection, with three exceptions, on a level of complete equality with the books of both Old and New testaments. But, in the earlier years of the past century, objections to having these books incorporated into the Bible and circulated with the canonical books took formidable shape. The controversy which ensued resulted in having the Apochrypha separated from the Bible; and the strong prejudice which these long, vehement discussions had generated, banished the offending books into obscurity, and today, the average Bible student cannot tell for what the word Apochrypha stands.

There is a Greek version of the Old Testament, the history of which is most interesting, but it would be a digression to give it here. This contained the Apochrypha while the Hebrew Old Testament did not. But few of the books of the Apochrypha were written in the Hebrew language and these have not been preserved in the original. The Greek language, with its polished rhetoric, its fascinating philosophies, had become the accepted language of courts and scholars. We see its encroachments upon the rugged,

The Bible, as literature, as well as the inspired Word of God, is receiving more general attention than for more than half a century. It is being studied in clubs, in classes and in the home, and the good old Book, with the dust brushed off, graces the table in many a home where it had long been little more than a name. The result is most wholesome and hopeful. As it towers among the giants of classic lore, so must it be a spur to greater efforts on the part of modern writers to even approach its literary ideals. The Apochrypha is coming in for a fair share in this recognition of the lofty sentiment, the profound conceptions of the "motifs" of life, the transcendant grace and exquisite beauties of the flowers of poetry that blossomed thousands of years ago.

We not only find the Apochrypha in neat handy binding on the tables of theological students and college professors, but on the reading table in the home, and even well thumbed volumes on the shelves of our public libraries.

Truly the world is preparing for a vast stride upward as well as onward. JULIA C. LA BARRE.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Message of the Old Road, by *Annis Ford Eastman,* is a simple little wayside sermon for children, yet delightful in its appreciation of the significance of *the now*—the joy of the road.

"I was walking fast and I know that the straight lines between my eyes were very deep, when all of a sudden I heard a voice, tho' nobody was in sight; it was a slow, rather drawling voice and it said, "Why—don't—you—saunter?" I looked up, but there was not even a bird to be seen; I peered into the bushes along the side of the road, but no sounds came from them. Yet the voice persisted—"Why—don't—you—saunter?" Suddenly I realized that it was the *Road* speaking—"the long brown path before me." . . . "I suppose you think that a road is nothing in itself, that there's nothing worth while but its end. . . . I grant you that the direction of the road is of some importance, but the end—why, if you'll believe me, no road has any end; what you call its end is only another beginning. . . . I see a great many people going to get something. . . . I do my best for them all—I've got something for you all that you can't afford to miss. . . . I see everybody postponing his life. . . . Be sure if you do not find love and joy and peace on the road they will not be waiting for you at the end. . . . Smooth out your wrinkles and lift up your eyes—take a long breath—and after ten minutes tell me what you see."

Fresh, too, and inspiring is the thought of the *open* road—the common road—without exclusion, where the wayfarers, like William Vaughn Moody's "happy shipmates," "stand singing brotherly."

"Wouldn't you like to have the spirit of the open road? Freely to share the world and life with all, to feel every being's right to be here—just as good as your right? To accept the whole world as God's world—not to be afraid of any fact in it, not to shun any experience? Not to seek for safety behind walls and enclosures, but in the open road, where sun and shadow are mingled as Heaven will? . . . Some day the beauty of God's world and the beauty born in the artist's soul will be for all the people. Meantime let us catch the spirit of the open Road—The common highway,—as it lends itself to the need or errand of each traveler, tho' he be bent upon good or evil."

There's a very real charm and freshness about the tiny booklet that commends it to us all, children younger or older. R. P. D.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—In connection with the editorial upon women's clubs may I call attention to the fact not generally understood that the larger share of the local civic study and improvement associations in which men and women share the privileges of social activities in their immediate environment are brought into being through the efforts of the club women. In some cases individual club members become interested and broadened in their conception of civic duty that they go out into the highways and verily compel the men to unite with them in some effort for the common good. In other instances a carefully planned campaign conducted by a department or committee of the club will result in a well organized associated effort of men and women. An almost universal subject of discussion among the clubs of to-day is "how to get the men interested" in the work they realize can not be fully carried out by the women working alone.

The article by ex-President Cleveland and the earlier editorial critique appearing in the same magazine both evidence a lack of acquaintance with the methods and spirit of the greater number of modern clubs—the criticisms are so definite and positive as to make the evidences of a real ignorance practically inexcusable. It may be urged that these and similar criticisms are apparently founded on the idea that the women's "club" corresponds largely in aims and methods with the "club" of the husband. This is an unfortunate misapprehension, due partly to the "funny man," who knows not or cares not to know the truth. The greater number of the "women's clubs" are altruistic and community serving in many of their activities, while much the smallest proportion of the men's "clubs" are interested in other than the personal pleasure of its membership. Any phase of the misapprehension is suggested in the article by the ex-president: that all or most clubs are devoted to "women's rights" or at least to her "emancipation" from something or other. Even Dr. Josiah Strong has fallen into the same pit of lack of knowledge for in the 1905 edition of Social Progress under the heading of "women's suffrage" in connection with several national "suffrage" organizations he mentions the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Probably many clubs and still more of the club members are active in the suffrage movement but certainly the Federation has taken no part in it. The Federation has not even a committee or other official recognition of "rights" possessed or desired.

I am one of those who believe that the Church might and should have its stamp on much that is done for the betterment of the community. Unfortunately too few pastors and lay leaders appreciate this broad possibility, in fact, the usual attitude is that one of fear—fear that "home missions" touching clean streets, better back yards, broader educational opportunities and other immediate neighborhood needs will detract from the routine demands of the local church administration. But we may well believe that "Jerusalem" is in the home and the vital interests of the home even before many of the worthy activities of the church further down the street.

The critics of the club, or better, those who wish to utilize the club idea and the social spirit as expressed by many of the clubs, can do no less than to actually study the situation and withhold criticisms and plans until an open mind and careful investigation have afforded reasonable grounds for a judgment.

Please understand that this is not a defense of the club, nor a criticism of the Church, but rather a plea for a broad, sympathetic, and absorbing study of the club movement of the better sort among the men and women of today.

If some of the above ideas should find place in your columns at any time I would be glad to give attention to any correspondence which might result from the publication. Very truly yours,

E. G. ROUTZAHN.

Chicago, Ill.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—It is better to lift your whole city up an inch than to pull yourself up to the skies.

MON.—I claim no privilege for myself or for my children that I am not doing my utmost to secure for all others upon equal terms.

TUES.—An idle life, whether rich or poor, is to me a wasted life. A wasted life and a lost soul are to me synonymous terms.

WED.—After the fight is over, we have to settle the difficulty; let us learn to settle it first.

THURS.—There is no human being on this earth to-day that has not in him something that is good.

FRI.—I intend to always be in politics and out of parties, working and voting for those candidates that seem to me to be looking most toward the light of liberty and equality.

SAT.—We need not wait for the coming of some far-off millenium or "good time"; the good time is here and now, to-day and every day, within easy reach of every soul.

—*Samuel M. Jones ("Golden Rule" Jones), of Toledo.*

Green Things Growing.

Oh, the green things growing, the green thins growing,
The faint sweet smell of the green things growing!
I should like to live, whether I smile or grieve,
Just to watch the happy life of my green things growing.

Oh the fluttering and the pattering of those green things growing!
How they talk to each other, when none of us are knowing;
In the wonderful white of weird moonlight
Or the dim dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so,—my green things growing!
And I think that they love me without false showing;
For by many a tender touch, they comfort me so much
With the soft mute comfort of green things growing.

—*Dinah Maria Mulock.*

Letter from a Physician to a Girl at College.

To one in school life whose every moment is engaged for days and weeks in advance, it is very essential that one should occasionally drop the work in hand and spend a little thought upon the fundamental governing principles of life.

No matter what one's aim in life may be, to the attainment of one's ideal existence, the one most essential element is good health.

You have certainly an excellent physique, and an able and well trained mind. I write this especially to call your attention to the importance of conserving these bodily and mental powers, and to make a few suggestions as to how this can be done.

As the nervous system presides over the entire body, and governs all its activities, I wish first to call your attention to a few of the conditions that tend to weaken it, and cause it to act viciously. The three emotions of anger, fear and sorrow are the most debilitating to the nervous system. In each of these states there is a poison that is formed, and which circulates in the blood through the entire system, poisoning to a greater or less extent all of the body, and disturbing all of its functions. (Whereas the injection of a small amount of the normal human blood into a small animal will produce no marked disturbance, when the same amount of blood is taken from a person who is furiously angered, grieved, or frightened, and injected in the same animal, convulsions and death of the anmial will result.)

Every poison has its antidote, however, and the one that never fails to give relief in emotional poisoning, is laughter.

Laughter, or rather that pleasurable tone of feeling which it is an expression of, is not only an antidote for depressing emotions, but it is a most effective preventative of these emotional displays, and is also a far better tonic to the entire body than any pharmacist can compound.

The art of being cheerful is one that any one can cultivate and develop to a most effective degree. It is easy enough to smile when everything looks bright and the world smiles with you, and it is very difficult to be cheerful when undergoing your most severe ordeals. Do not expect too much from your efforts at first. Begin with being cheerful under the more trifling annoyances. Control yourself in the lesser vexations and you will gradually become master of yourself in the most severe ordeals.

We know that all the functions of our body and mind can be increased by a systematic course of exercise. It is a general rule, however, that the parts being developed should not be given too severe tasks at first, but that the exercise should be systematically increased until in time the most arduous tasks can be executed. The training of one's emotional nature is no exception to this rule. Worry is but fear, and irritation and impatience but anger, and melancholy but sorrow. Then, in preventing and overcoming these poisoning emotions begin with the *trifling* worries, fears and doubts, the little annoyances and irritations, and the *lesser* disappointments and sorrows; conquer them first. After they have been overcome, the greater worries, irritations and sorrows can be successfully subdued.

The weapon that is most effective in controlling one's emotions under each of these conditions, is the attaining of the habit of cheer—the habit of being pleasant and jolly. Then make it your business to be *jolly* and to make others jolly. Do not allow yourself to be irritated. The annoyance, whatever it be, should be met with a smile. Every incident has a funny or a ridiculous side. Put yourself at the point of view where this can be discovered, and make light of the occurrence.

By making a systematic effort along this line you will soon find that you can "keep sweet" under the most trying conditions, and thus conserve a large amount of energy that would otherwise have been needlessly or ruinously expended.

Please give careful attention to the proper use of your lungs, and ventilation of your apartments. I would urge you to overcome the tendency to shallow breathing which all sedentary occupation gives by carefully taking the "lung sweepers," which I have taught you how to take. Please do this just before you begin study, and immediately after study, and whenever there is a pause or a distraction during your study hours. Your lungs are well developed, but that will not help you unless you use them and be careful when using them to put your body in such a position that you can use them to the best advantage. Do not forget occasionally to take deep breaths when exercising also.

You cannot afford to omit your cold baths.

You should never omit resting just before your midday and evening meals. In order that your rest may be complete be sure that you are lying in a prostrate position, your muscles fully relaxed, that you are inattentive to everything, that all serious thought is banished, and the mind is indulging in a pleasant revery without conscious effort.

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EDITORS.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES. WILLIAM KENT.

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

EDITH LACKERSTEEN.

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

Jane Addams.	Fred'ck E. Dewhurst.	Henry M. Simmons
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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOLEDO, OHIO.—The Adams Street City Mission, in charge of our old friend, Rev. Allen G. Jennings, reports 270 women and 66 men were placed where they could earn livings during the month of April; 29 families were visited and helped; 208 days of nursery care were given to 26 children from 21 families. This Mission has a Sunday-school of 173 children, in flourishing condition; cooking classes and sewing classes are flourishing. Brother Jennings' ministry grows in grace as he grows older.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Readers of UNITY have much interest in the work of our editorial associate, Rev. R. W. Boynton, both on account of its blessed traditions, which have to do with the prophetic work of John R. Effinger, W. C. Gannett and Samuel Crothers, as well as on account of the temper of the work now being done, which is frequently reflected in these columns. There lies before us a handsome circular entitled "The New Unity Church," which sets forth the fact that contracts have already been let for the construction of the new building, which is well in hand. We wish the friends at St. Paul all success.

BIRD LECTURES.—A new circular letter from Rett E. Olmstead tells us that fifty lectures were given by him last year on "Our Neighbors, the Birds," and he offers his services again next year "to those who wish a closer acquaintance with birds." He very wisely suggests that committees in arranging for their lecture course would do wisely to plan for at least one for the benefit of the children. We have frequently called attention to Mr. Olmstead's work, with which the present writer has had opportunity for close study, for Mr. Olmstead is a summer resident of Tower Hill. He has been heard at All Souls' Church and other places in Chicago. The circular in hand contains five pictures, which testify to Mr. Olmstead's skill and intimacy with his feathered fellow citizens. The children will be delighted and educated simply by the circular.

CHICAGO.—THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE. Mr. Henry Lawrence Southwick, Dean of the Emerson College of Oratory of Boston, is to give an interpretative recital of Richelieu on Friday evening, May 19, in the new auditorium, at the close of which, with the aid of Mr. M. S. Kuhns, Chairman of the Dramatic Section of All Souls' Church, the third act of "Othello" will be rendered. This will be the first time that the new auditorium will be lighted at night, and it is hoped that the new seats will be in position. Workmen are busy installing the pipe organ, and it will be almost ready to sound forth when this paper is going through the press.

LAPORTE, IND.—Acknowledgment is here made of the receipt of twenty-five dollars from the Unitarian Society of Laporte, Ind., as a contribution to the Unity fund of the Centre. This society wants to be able to respond to its name when the roll is called of the Lincoln Centre parishioners.

Foreign Notes.

THE PROGRESS OF CATHOLICISM IN FRENCH SWITZERLAND.—*Le Messager*, organ of the Evangelical Free Church of Geneva, publishes the following statistics compiled by the Rev. Charles Durand:

In 1850, the canton of Geneva had 464 Catholics to every 1,000 of the population, in 1888 it had 496, or an increase of 32 per 1,000. This was relatively little. Geneva ranked as ninth only among the twelve Swiss cantons in which Catholics were gaining.

But the increase is much more rapid at the present time. In 1904 Geneva has 534 Catholics and 450 Protestants out of every 1,000, or a Catholic increase, in 58 years, of 70 per 1,000, and in 16 years, of 38 per 1,000. The gain has been greater in the last 16 years than in the 38 years preceding.

Similar statements might be made for Vaud and Neuchâtel. How is this increase to be explained?

Let us observe, to begin with, that the Catholic propaganda does not succeed in encroaching upon Protestanism. With very rare exceptions, there is no conversion of Protestants to the Roman Church. Our peoples, even when they have become absolutely indifferent in regard to religion, feel instinctively that this would be a retrogression. Furthermore the prepossession in favor of the "religion of our fathers" is too deeply ingrained, and, finally the feeling that one ought not to change his religion, because all are good if only one is sincere.

Neither does the infiltration come through mixed marriages. Contrary to the usage in Catholic countries, the children in the great majority of such cases are brought up as Protestants. It is a quite material interest that is at the bottom of this, for such marriages occur among the indifferent, and hence if the Catholics come to be in the majority, they will undoubtedly get the benefit of it.

In a word, the cause of the Catholic invasion is not of a religious nature, but an economic one. It results from the great modern fact of the easy shifting of population, and especially from this, that the conditions of life seem better in Switzerland than in the neighboring regions.

Geneva is the southernmost Protestant city. For centuries she has been placed like a veritable outpost among countries subject to the yoke of Rome. Now that barriers of every kind have fallen, it is not at all surprising that the flood comes in. She has three or four kilometers of frontier along a Protestant country, and more than a hundred on districts wholly Catholic. Furthermore, life seems easy within her limits; the only large city within quite a radius, she exerts the attraction usual to any such agglomeration.

When we note also the very low birth-rate among the old Genevan element of the population, the considerable emigration among the few who do perpetuate themselves, and the fact that certain callings are never pursued by them, being regarded as lowering, we have a very simple and natural explanation of the phenomenon we have been considering.

THE COMING INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL AT GENEVA.—The Geneva correspondent of *Le Protestant*, under date of April 4, gives large space to the *Troisiéme congrés international du Christianisme libéral et progressif*. Of course in its essential features the article does not differ materially from the announcements already made by Mr. Wendte in the *Christian Register* as to program and prospective attendance. Delegates are expected in considerable numbers from France, England, the United States, Hungary, German Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, as well as possible representatives from the Bramo-Samaj of India, from Japan and from Australia. Quality, as well as quantity, in the assemblage is guaranteed by such names as Réville, Roberty, Wagner, Hyacínthe Loyson, and Rabbi Levy of Dijon, among the French; Pfleiderer and Harnack among the Germans; Rev. Copeland Bowie and Prof. Estlin Carpenter among the English; from America Reverends Barrows, Wendte, Savage and Prof. Peabody of Harvard; and from Hungary Prof. Boros and perhaps also the Unitarian bishop Ferencz.

Naturally there will be more Swiss representatives than heretofore, Dean Kambli of St. Gall, Pastor Altheer of Basel, Dean Furrer and Pastor Schoenholtzer of Zurich, are named from German Switzerland. The lamented Professor Chappuis of Lausanne, was one of the first to give his endorsement to the congress, says the Geneva correspondent, and hopes that one or another of the late professor's colleagues may have independence of mind enough to take his place.

The prospects, then, are very promising for a successful manifestation of the strength and vitality of that religious Christian liberalism, which is apt to be treated as a negligible quantity or a tendency that has had its day.

The letter closes with the expression of a conviction that many French pastors and laymen will wish to attend this congress and make the acquaintance of the eminent men above mentioned. It will be comforting to French Protestants, the writer thinks, in the midst of the difficulties and problems they are now struggling with, to feel themselves in spiritual communion with so many thinkers and believers from all points of the compass, and the attraction of a little trip to Geneva will count for something in their determination to be present.

Personal letters that have found their way to our own desk, show genuine kindly interest in the coming congress on the part of prominent residents of Geneva not counted among the so-called liberals.

M. E. H.

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